Perspectives

Commander's Connection



Photo by Staff Sgt. Lee Watts

Senior Airman Ibnamir Williams (right), 20th Mission Support Squadron, scans Col. Sam Angelella's fingerprint Wednesday while creating a new common access card for the commander.

"Commander's Connection" is a link between Col. Sam Angelella, 20th Fighter Wing commander, and the Shaw community. Questions or concerns that can't be resolved through normal channels can be called in and recorded at 895-4611 or e-mailed to commandersconnection@shaw.af.mil.

Callers should leave a name and telephone number in case questions need clarification. Comments of general interest may be published in **The Shaw Spirit**.

Kudos

Dear Col. Angelella,

A friend of mine, a retired lieutenant colonel, wanted me to pass on the story of his experience during a recent visit to Shaw to get a sticker for his car and sign up for TRICARE.

At the gate, he was met by two courteous guards who helped him with the permit to go on base. On his way to the Pass and ID office, he got lost and a policeman showed him the correct building. Inside, three pleasant, young airmen helped with the ID and stickers for his cars.

He received the same treatment at TRICARE and the pharmacy. All the airmen he saw were nice and more importantly, capably assisted him.

My friend is a very successful businessman and influential person in our part of the state. It's great public relations for Shaw for him to say these good things. It also makes me proud of the job your commanders are doing with the airmen.

Good things happen on the floor

By Lt. Col. John P. Montgomery 55th Fighter Squadron Commander

I'm convinced being a father is one of the best leadership laboratories life has to offer. In fact, I think being a father makes me a better person and by default a better Air Force officer. Being a father teaches you sacrifice, planning, cooperation, creativity, consistency and delegation. I'd like to share one specific "dad secret" I use and apply it to our everyday military life and see how it directly translates into better leadership.

I call this technique, "getting on the floor."

When you're home with your children, good things happen when you get on the floor. When you get down on the floor, it sends a message you are ready to take off the day and be a dad. It always leads to wrestling and that always leads to talking -- yes, talking with your kids.

At first, when I wrestled, it was just to give some enjoyment to my children, but I started to realize there is so much more to it.

I always received hugs during the wrestling match. Over the years, I firmly believe this physical contact between father and son/daughter is an unmistakable sign you love your kids -- it helps build bonds. But even more important than this physical contact is the quality time you give your kids -- direct one-on-one time on their turf -- the floor. I don't think it matters, son or daughter; they both need your wrestling time.

This realization hit me when my daughter was four; she's 19 now. I'm certain -- wrestling time on the floor, just getting down on the floor, kept me in touch with my kids. Now, my son is 11, and I've always told him wrestling time is daddy's way of communicating love, and would reinforce that message before and after our time on the floor.

Other good things happen when you are on the floor. You tend to play more games like chess and checkers. This of course pulls the kids away from the computer screen and allows some one-on-one time. It also cuts into the video games or television time, as all attention must be focused on the game at hand. Finally, if you are watching television or playing video games, getting on the floor usually means you are watching/playing together.

This technique of "getting on the floor" is exactly the type of leadership Gen. Hal Hornburg, Air Combat Command commander, speaks of when he says we must practice "analog leadership." Simply, we must get away from our computer, where we exercise "digital leadership," and get out to see our people.

I'll take that thought one step further and say "getting on the floor" means not only getting away from the computer, but also meeting people where they live.

For me, a fighter squadron commander, this means getting back into our life support shop and talking with the life support NCO in charge, Tech. Sgt. Kerrick Brown, on his turf and on his floor. You'll find this is a beehive of activity and literally a squadron of activity within a squadron. You'll thank God for our great NCO corps -- professional and organized to discharge the minute details of this incredibly important task.

Taking this idea of "getting on the floor" one step further means leaving the squadron and visiting our aircraft maintenance unit officer in charge or chief on their turf. Instead of calling them into my office, I make time to see them in their office.

Taking it to the next level, at least from a squadron commander perspective, I have found success and education by going to see other squadron commanders on their "floor."

Recently, I visited Lt. Col. Jeffrey Jackson and his deputy Chris Aamold at Civil Engineering. The wealth of knowledge I gained just by spending two hours with them already helped me run the 55th Fighter Squadron. It took some of the mystery out of the self- help store. In addition, Aamold helped me understand the process by which work orders are processed, and now we have a series of projects underway to upgrade our facilities.

Lastly, it gave me a physical location to "hang my hat" when we call for emergency service in our facility, such as the air conditioner. I hope to get out and see the other squadron commanders soon.

In summary, getting on the floor means getting to know the people you interact with every day in an environment they are comfortable with. Getting on the floor means more quality time with your kids and creating better relationships within your family, the squadron and within the wing -- get out there.

The Shaw Spirit

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The 20th Fighter Wing commander and public affairs office are the determining authority as to whether a particular item will appear and its placement within the paper.

All copy submitted will be edited to conform to Air Force and local policy and style standards. All photos are U.S. Air Force photos unless otherwise noted.

Direct classified ads to Camden Media Co. at (800) 450-1437 or fax (803) 432-7609 or e-mail skaress@ci-camden.com.

All are run on a space-available basis.

Classified ads may also be or dropped off at *The Shaw Spirit* office in Bldg. 1122.

Pilot reinvigorated by unique incentive ride

By Lt. Col. Dan Swayne
20th Fighter Wing Chief of Safety

What has 670 horsepower, and is assigned to Shaw? Hint: it's not an aircraft. It's the 20th Logistics Readiness Squadron's train.

You've probably seen it parked on the tracks near the shoppette, or you may have had to wait for it to pass at the crossing on Shaw Drive or highway 378 as it makes its run to the supply depot.

Recently, four of us from the 20th Fighter Wing Safety office had the opportunity to make the trip to Cane Savannah with train operators Thomas Sher and Michele Hill.

The occasion was a re-enlistment ceremony for Master Sgt. Don Busbice, 20th FW ground safety office. Busbice, a radio maintainer, has been in the Air Force for more than 17 years and at Shaw for one year. Busbice has a history of unusual re-enlistments, including one at the summit of Mount Vesuvius, Italy.

Busbice brings the same level of creativity and enthusiasm to work every day. The Air Force is fortunate to have senior NCOs like him.

Although it sounds cliché, the NCO corps really is the "backbone of the Air Force." Take the time to thank them. They do an incredible job for not so incredible pay, and the Air Force would grind to a halt without their leadership and expertise.

I had the opportunity on many occasions to fly star performers in the back seat of an F-16,



Photo by Staff Sgt. Donna Hustad

Lt. Col. Dan Swayne (right) performs a re-enlistment for Master Sgt. Don Busbice (left) aboard the base train July 15.

but the train ride re-enlistment was the first time I've been on the receiving end of an incentive ride. It was invigorating. The time aboard the train gave me the rare chance to hear about just how much NCOs do and how much they care

about their country and their Air Force.

Officers, get to know what the NCOs do here at Shaw. You can't do your job without them. Maybe it will serve as an incentive ride for you, too.

Beating the heat -- one courtesy at a time

By Senior Airman Julie Weckerlein 31st Fighter Wing Public Affairs

AVIANO AIR BASE, Italy -- I bet it is a scientific fact: When the temperature rises, common courtesy drops. There should be a name for it, like "heat madness."

I recently got a rude awakening about this phenomenon. I felt sick to my stomach when I saw a woman belittle a food court worker because the worker mistakenly gave the woman ketchup instead of barbecue sauce.

I felt disgusted when my husband told me of a thrift shop customer who chastised a volunteer who wouldn't unlawfully bend the rules for her.

I wanted to scream with frustration when a manager from our base newspaper's publisher called to ask if there was anything I could do to stop people from base from threatening her workers when their ads didn't run in the paper. Never mind the publisher makes it clear those free ads run on a space-available basis only.

And what really bothered me was that it seemed people were being most cruel to those they viewed as "inferior": faceless lower-ranking airmen; food workers; full-time volunteers; local nationals.

I wondered, is it the heat? Does excessive sunlight feed people's inner demons? Was it that nobody was doing anything nice around here, or was it that nobody was noticing?

I pondered this the other day as I walked into my office, barely noticing the cleaning lady walk past me. I see her every day, but I don't know her name. Her English is limited; my Italian is virtually non-existent. I'm sure people walk over her freshly mopped floors and leave pools of water and

trash on the bathroom counters every day. But, she does her job thoroughly and with a smile. She has a friendly greeting for everyone.

This particular morning was no exception.

"Ciao," she said to me. I returned the greeting. She pointed to my belly and asked, "Bambino?" I realized she was asking about my pregnancy, so I answered (with the little Italian I do know) that things were good. She gave me a knowing smile and nodded her head, and we went our separate ways.

Not surprisingly, though, a smile had made its way on my face, too. And as the day continued, a weird thing happened. I zeroed in on the "flip" side.

I felt good when I saw an officer give up his booth seat so an enlisted mother could feed her three children comfortably in the crowded food court. I was pleased that the gate guards had genuine, friendly greetings for every driver coming on base, despite a day spent standing in the heat in full gear.

I was amazed when I overheard a woman thank a customer service representative for her help, even though the customer service rep wasn't able to locate the woman's order. The customer, though, appreciated the effort.

I even felt myself willing to stay late to help a co-worker create a going-away gift.

The cleaning lady did more than just say hello to me. Her simple gesture of kindness took my negative attitude and twisted it into the opposite direction to the point that I wanted to be a nicer person, too. It wasn't about rank or status, job or environment. It was about one human reaching out and being kind to another.

There are still rude people out there. I still have the feeling that the heat can bring out the worst in people. But I think we can all beat the heat madness one courteous act at a time.